Boy The muſique is come ſir. *enter muſicke.*

Fal. Let them play, play ſirs, ſit on my knee Doll, a raſcall bragging ſlaue! the rogue fled from me like quickſiluer.

Dol Yfaith and thou followdſt him like a church, thou horſon little tydee Bartholemew borepigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting a daies and foyning a nights, and begin to patch vp thine old body for heauen.

Enter Prince and Poynes.

Fal Peace good Doll, do not ſpeake like a deathes head, do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol Sirr a, what humour's the prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow yong fellow, a would haue made a good pantler, a would a chipt bread wel.

Dol They ſay Poines has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him baboon, his wit's as thicke as Tewksbury muſtard, theres no more conceit in him then is in a mallet.

Dol Why does the prince loue him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their legges are both of a bigneſſe, and a plaies at quoites well, and eates cunger and fennel, and drinkes off candles endes for flappe-dragons, and rides the wilde mare with the boyes, and iumpes vpon ioynd-ſtooles, and ſweares with a good grace, and weares his bootes very ſmoothe like vnto the ſigne of the Legge, and breedes no bate with telling of diſcreet ſtories, and ſuch other gambole faculties a has that ſhow a weake minde, and an able bodie for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himſelf is ſuch another, the weight of a haire wil turne ſcales between their haber de poiz.

Prince Would not this naue of a wheele haue his eares cut off?

Poynes Lets beate him before his whore.

Prince Looke where the witherd elder hath not his poule clawd like a parrot.

Poynes Is it not ſtrange that deſire ſhould ſo many yeeres out liue performance.

Falſt. Kiſſe me Doll,

Prince

Prince Saturne and Venus this yeere in coniunction? what ſaies th' Almanacke to that?

Poyns And look whether the fierie Trigon his man be not liſping to his maſter, old tables, his note booke, his counſel keeper?

Falſt. Thou doſt giue me flattering buſſes.

Dol By my troth I kiſſe thee with a moſt conſtant heart.

Falſt. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I loue thee better then I loue, ere a ſcuruy yong boy of them all.

Fal. What ſtuffe wilt haue a kirtle of? I ſhall receiue mony a thurſday, ſhalt haue a cap to morrow: a merry ſong. come it growes late, weele to bed, thou't forget me when I am gone.

Dol By my troth thou't ſet me a weeping and thou ſaiſt ſo, proue that euer I dreſſe my ſelfe handſome til thy returne, wel hearken a'th end.

Fal. Some ſacke Francis.

Prince, Poynes Anon anon ſir.

Falſt. Ha? a baſtard ſonne of the Kings? and arte not thou Poynes his brother?

Prince Why thou globe of ſinfull continents, what a life doſt thou leade?

Falſt. A better then thou, I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

Prince Very true ſir, and I come to drawe you out by the eares.

Hoſt. O the Lord preſerue thy grace: by my troth welcom to London, now the Lord bleſſe that ſweete face of thine, O Ieſu, are you come from Wales?

Falſt. Thou horſon madde compound of maieſtie, by this light, fleſh, and corrupt bloud thou art welcome.

Doll How? you fat foole I ſcorne you.

Poynes My lorde, he will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a meriment if you take not the heate.

Prince You horſon candlemine you, how vildly did you ſpeake of me now, before this honeſt, vertuous, ciuill gentlewoman?

Hoſt.